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In Brittany translated by Rich Ives

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IN BRITTANY

Where have they gone, your clouds, your flocks of birds?
Cold blows along this year's road
where once the field
was warm with hatching partridge.

O Marguerite,
cold blows your hair,
you lay the dark cloth under your chin
on your pilgrimage through Morbihan,
draw water from the fountain.

Wet, leafless broom. And its shell
locked the snail within chalky walls.
The subdued light in the rain's weir-basket.
And rocks and voices in the heathland.

O Marguerite,
sweep your hand over
the ashes from the fireplace glow.
It shines from the old blood
in the fire of legends.

*translated by
Rich Ives*